24

In honour of ABINGDON,

OR

ON THE SEAVENTH DAY

of Septembers solemnization

1641.

BY

JOHN RICHARDSON Serjeant of *Abingdon* in the County of *Berks*

Printed in the yeare 1641.

TO

THE VVORSHIPFVLL the MAJOR, BAYLIFFS, and Burgesses of the Burough of *Abingdon*, in the County of BERKS.

All Health, Happinesse, & Prosperity.

WOrthy Senators, and loving Masters. It is not unknowne unto you, what great deliverances, what rich endowments (both naturall and supernaturall) and what Halcion daies, the propitious hand of mercy hath continually conferred upon this our flourishing Nation. If I should endeavour to set forth the riches, or to give you a List of the number of them, I should swell this small Rivelet, into a boundlesse Ocean of substance, and matter: and indeed my insufficient undertakings were not able to effect such an unconceavable taske, and labour (the worth of them being not to be paralleld by any stranger Nation, and their number being not to be cast up by the art of any mortall invention) But yet, I must not forget one, (and not the smallest) of our kingdomes benefits; namely, (the unexpected making up of great Brittaines dangerous Breaches) The mercy was great, and the miracle wonderfull. I need not further enlarge my selfe, for the severall

tongues

tongues of skilfull Divines, have sufficiently dilated the story of this blessed pacification: neither indeed is it the maine substance of the businesse I have in hand. It was the Kings, and court of Parliaments good pleasares to publish, and decree, that, on the seventh day of September last, every parish should keep a Festivall (religiously to be perform'd) in honour of the great Peacemaker. And to shew in what manner, fashion, and order it was, in your famous Incorporation, on that day celebrated, I have (in this small Poem) adventured to set forth to the view of this censuring age: And unto your Worships I humbly dedicate the same, whose patronizing wings (I trust) will shelter it from the dangerous assaults of any carping, or detracting Zoilus. Your frownes will make me unfortunate; but your smiles will adde an encouragement to my weake and illiterate studies. Let this harmelesse and small Pamphlet finde acceptance, and favourable entertainment at your charitable censures, and you shall alwaies finde me (as in duty I ought to be)

Your Worships

obsequious Officer & servant.

JO. RICHARDSON.

In honour of

ABINGDON,

OR

On the seventh day of September's solemnization. 1641.

OXFORD

NOt farre from faire *Calems* placed is
A pleasint Towne, neere silver Thamisis;
Where you may view the ruin'd Battlements
Of old king *Cissus* ancient Monaments
Where struts th' unparall'd, harmelesse, threatn'd Crosse
(Yet lately blest from Babylonish drosse)
Where *Aarons* bels in *Helens* Church doe ring
Peales, that doe blesse us from the poyson'd sting
Of death eternall. Neere the Church-yard Wall
Stands the faire structure of Christs Hospitall.
Where *Royse* his fruitfull Nurceries supplie
Great *Pembrooks* Gardens insufficiencie.
Of things of late, that in this Towne befell,
Something my oblieg'd Muse is forc'd to tell;
(Though but in rustick phrase) yet Ile expresse
To ABINGDON my love and thankfulnesse:
Yet Ile not Barber-like hyperbolize,
And sell my Customers a Chest of Lies:
No this Ile banish, thus I will not sin,

Il'e write no more but truth, and now begin.
Tuesday (the seventh day of this last September,)
(Which day I'me sure our Children will remember)
Was by the King, and Court of Parliament
Proclaim'd a Festivall, and to be spent
In sacred wise; because 'twixt Scots and Vs,
A joyfull peace is now concluded thus.
So soone this welcom'd newes was heard off here,
Griefe Shrunk aside, no sorrow did appeare;
Each Man by's Cheerefull Visage you would think
Nought but *Nepenthes* liquour then did drink.
The day being come, (Ile barre to complement)
And tell you briefly how the time we spent.
Ith' dawne of day, before *Hyperions* son
Bridl'd his horses, or his Course begun,
Old *Helens* trowling Bells such peales did ring,
And to our drowsie eares such tunes did sing,
(When honest *Nick* began to sympathise,
Striking up's Lowbells in melodious wise)
That we no longer in our beds could lie,
But each prepar'd for this daies jubilie.
To *Helens* Courts (ith' morne) at seven oth' Clock,
Our Congregation in great numbers flock:
Where we till Twelve our Orizons did send
To him, that did our Kingdomes Quarrels end.
And there two Sermons two Divines did preach,
And most divinely gratitude did teach.
At twelve the Priests lips blest us; home we came,
And sung sweet Anthems to *Iehovah's* name,
At Two againe (in Clusters) we did pack,
And fill'd the Church as full as it could thwack.
Till foure we staid, and Sermon being ended,
Towards our triumphant Crosse our course was bended.
And thus we march'd. First with my golden Mace
('Tis fit I put my selfe ith' formost place)

I pac'd along, and after follow'd mee
The Burgeſſes by ſenioritie.
Our Prætour firſt (let me not miſſe my Text)
I think the Clergie-men came marching next;
Then came our Iuſtice, with him a Burger ſage,
Both march'd together in due equipage:
The reſt oth' Burgers, with a comely grace,
Walk'd two, and two along to th' Market-place;
And after them, hundreds both young and old
Crowding along, that time you might behold.
(Being come to th' famous Croſſe, our journies end)
Her mounting Stayres in ſtate we did aſcend;
The Clerk was call'd, and he a Bible took,
The hundred and ſixt Pſalme he out did look;
Two thouſand Quoriſters their notes did raiſe,
And warbled out the great Creatours praiſe:
Their thundring Eccho gave ſo great a ſhout,
Nicklas and *Helen* were quite baffl'd out.
Over my head I ſaw King *David* ſtand,
Liſtning toth' Muſick, with his Harp in hand,
Sure when the Pſalmiſt liv'd, with's ſacred Lire,
He ſeldome play'd, or ſung to ſuch a Quire.
If either King could ſpeake, hee'd ſweare by's Crown
No haire-braind Separatiſt would pull him downe:
For why, this heavenly joy, we had ſo late,
Did ſeeme, in part, the Croſſe to conſecrate.
The Pſalme is ended: but the Folke begin
Lowder, and lowder crie, God ſave the KING,
While Bonfires blaze, their caps are throwne away,
All to expreſſe the triumph of the day.
The *Helvian* liquor, and rich Maligo,
And Engliſh beere, our Senate did beſtow:
No coſt was ſpar'd, and yet I muſt confeſſe,
I ſaw no ſhew of brutiſh drunkenneſſe:
Sure ſome diviner hand, that day did guide

The Vulgar, that they should not slip aside;
And further to set forth a greater joy,
Out comes the skilfull Sergeant *Corderoy*,
With's his ratling Drummes, and Fife, and Colours flying,
With's Musketeeres (and yet ther's noise fear'd dying)
Bravely they march'd about; but made a stop,
When they drew neere the well knowne Antelop;
A fiery peale they rung ith' Senats Eares,
(Gallantly done by warlike Musketeeres)
Anon they made a Guard, my noble Master
March'e through them to the front, (but yet no faster
Then my Mace and I) safely did they guard
The Kings Lieutenant home, when in his yard,
Or Court, another peale they out did thunder,
Which made the thronging people shout, and wonder:
Their Muskets having shot out all their powder,
They made their Throats their Muskets, and shot lowder;
Such was their joy (a Batrell being spent)
In sober manner every man home went.
And them with speed follow'd my Muse and I,
To learne what further newes we could descrie.
And now 'tis supper time. In every street
Neighbours with Neighbours at some house did meet.
Their monies joyn'd together for a Feast,
And each to other is a welcome Guest.
(Supper being done) anon they 'gin to sing
Some joyfull Hymne (a joyfull revelling)
Travell my Muse, goe, wander up and downe,
Search into City, Village, Hamlet, Town,
Tell me at thy returne (if thou canst tell)
Where any Feast with ours could parallell.
And yet this was not all; for what was spent
On *Irus* Crue, made the full complement
Of this daies jubilie, this was the best
Of Sacrifice, this season'd all the rest.

Vpon

Vpon this day the poore were not neglected,
Thirteene or Foureteene pounds were here collected;
And some (no question) out of Charitie,
In private gave to their necessitie.
Thus have I shew'd you in a home-spun way,
(Yet true enough) how we this happy day
Did from the morning to the evening spend;
But I am weary, and I'le make an end.

POSTSCRIPT.

THus to th' generall view a Seriants quill,
Ventur'd at last to shew her weaker skill.
Such friends, that at her Errours will connive,
Humbly to thank, and gratifie shee'le strive.
But let detracting fooles about them look,
Her Master is a subtile Tenter-hook;
Hee'le quickly snap them, if such chance to be
Within the Verge of his authority.
But if sh' ath written any blamefull act,
'Twas her dull ignorance, and no wilfull fact.

Sic ex officio alludit IOH: RICHARDSON Serviens ad Clavam Burgi de *Abingdon* in Com: Berks.

FINIS.